

Turkin
PS 1449
C 68

22

FASHIONABLE SATIRES.

RHODSHAKE'S VISIT

FROM

THE MOON;

A

POEM;

IN TWO CANTOS.

BY

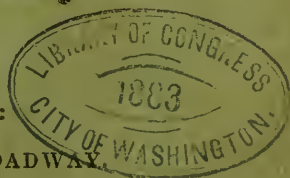
ARTHUR CRAIGENGELT, GENT.



NEW-YORK:

PEABODY & CO. BROADWAY.

1832.





NOTICE.

The following Poem, entitled 'FASHIONABLE SATIRES,' was written merely for the amusement of the Author, and never intended for public circulation. At the earnest solicitation of a large circle of friends, the manuscript was obtained for the press.

Only two hundred and fifty copies have been printed; and the expensive manner in which it has been got up, compels the Publishers to fix a higher price than is usual for works of this kind.

ERRATA.

CANTO I.	Stanza 34,	3d line,	for <i>made</i> read make.
	"	43, 5th "	for <i>Palladium</i> read Palladian.
	"	50, 8th "	for <i>mummy</i> read mummer.
	"	57, 8th "	for <i>mingled</i> read singled.
	"	66, 5th "	for <i>men</i> read mens.
CANTO II.	"	24, 8th "	for <i>by</i> read from.
	"	49, 3d "	for <i>snouting</i> read mounting.
	"	" 4th "	for <i>shining</i> read shiv'ring.
	"	67, 1st "	for <i>very</i> read rosy.



FASHIONABLE SATIRES.

RHODOSHAKE'S VISIT

FROM

THE MOON;

A

POEM;

IN TWO CANTOS.

BY

ARTHUR CRAIGENGELT, GENT.

33
"The Man o' the Moon forever!
The Man o' the Moon forever!
We'll drink to him still
In a merry cup of ale,
Here's the Man o' the Moon forever!"

Jacobite Relics.

"With a soft besom will I sweep your halls,
And brush a web or two from off the walls."

Don Juan.

NEW-YORK:

PEABODY & CO. BROADWAY.

1832.



TS 1449
C 68

TO
THE MOST HONORABLE,
THE MEMBERS OF
THE CORPORATION,
OF THE
GREAT EMPORIUM
OF COMMERCE, FASHION, AND FOLLY,
YCLEPED NEW-YORK,
the following Work,
Is (with reverence) most humbly
DEDICATED,
BY THE AUTHOR.

[Entered according to the act of Congress in the year 1831, by Peabody & Co. in the office of the Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.]

[S. Marks & Son, Printers, 63 Vesey-street.]

CANTO I.

I.

HEAR me, thou mighty one, who from the moon
Look'st down upon this rolling ball, the earth;
Hear me, and grant, I pray, the only boon
I ever ask'd of thy illustrious worth,
That I my lyre or fiddle now may tune,
To sing the deeds that in thy sphere had birth;
Where curiosity it seems doth dwell,
As here on earth, and other worlds as well.

II.

Full well thou know'st what did befall thy sphere,
When the sun's rays from thee our earth did hide;
When darkness spread upon the sun, and fear
Fell on thy subjects who with thee abide.
When on the earth smok'd glasses did appear,
And noses smok'd by contact were descried;
Thou know'st, I say, however close thy lips,
What happen'd with thee in the late eclipse.

III.

Then aid me, as I trudge along in verse,
To tell the wonders that took place with thee;
As likewise recollection to rehearse,
The sights, the wonders, and the pleasantry,
And of the folly, pride, and things much worse,
That thy commission'd minister did see;
From the first moment of his short sojourn,
Upon this mundane sphere till his return.

IV.

Guide thou my pen, as o'er this desert page,
In words of truth it condescends to *praise*:
Help me pourtray the manners of the age;
Make so ethereal, these forthcoming lays,
(Unlike those shreds of fancy that engage,
The wisdom of the world about these days,)
They may at least survive the *first edition*—
Man o' the Moon—pray grant this short petition!—

V.

There was in Bludestos, upon that day,
A conclave call'd of all thy wisest men,
Some in rich gold—but most in *brass*—array;
The object of this meeting, there and then
Conven'd, was not alone for a display;
(As such things here below sometimes have been,)
But for a greater matter than before,
Had e'er convok'd that legislative corps.

VI.

Its men of lore were all assembled there,
Some truly wise, and some who *seem'd* as wise;
For those who had not wisdom had its air,
A sort of knowing cast, about the eyes.
Such men have quite an owlish sort of stare
Of wisdom, that their tongue alas belies,
Whose awful jaws, when open'd in a trice—
Bring forth from lab'ring mountains, nought but mice.

VII.

Victory, floats o'er battles, smoke, and smother,
(So poets say when they of glory talk,)—
Sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other,
Taking the shape of eagle, crow, or hawk,
And oft the three, will all each other bother—
As who the first shall be the plain to stalk,
Or perch upon the victor's haughty crest,
Or feed upon the slain, as he thinks best.

VIII.

So Wisdom o'er that hall her course was leading—
But did not 'light it seems within its wall.
For such would not of her have seem'd good breeding.
She flutter'd o'er its pinnacle and ball,
And was, alas! but very little heeding
The speakers, or the speeches, in the hall.
For she was wond'ring what was in the way,
To keep the sun from shining on that day.

IX.

And so were they her representatives;
And likewise seeking to appease their wonder:
For said they "While the Moon in Heaven lives,
Her subjects surely will find out what blunder,
Has made the Sun, hold back the light he gives.
Some cause unknown keeps us just now asunder,
Till darkness has usurp'd the place of light;
Something is wrong, 'tis we must set it right."

X.

And having made this wonderful conclusion,
They voted this a case of consequence:
And thought, in order to prevent confusion—
'Twas best at first, to find the cause from whence
The object came, that bred this black obtrusion.
This being found, they would remove th' offence.
Alas! how little like the earth's logicians,
Or that illustrious corps, its politicians;

XI.

For they, with wisdom that deserves applause—
A wisdom that the Moonites never knew:
Do not sit groping for the foolish *cause*
Of an effect, but with a forethought true,
Proceed at once—so truly wise their laws—
As doth a tinker, turning old to new—
To stop the leak, and let the rust remain,
So they can have a hole to stop again.

XII.

The moon's celestial king, Glumfungus dire,
Arose, like some young lion from his lair—
His eagle eyes, with anger's thrilling fire
In living lightnings, on that conclave glare.
His brow was black with rage, and venom'd ire,
That told of rankling passions mounting there—
Woes long asleep, within his breast awoke;
He stretch'd his arm aloft, and thus he spoke.

XIII.

"'Tis meet," said he, "that now we do proceed
To wipe away this blackness, drear that lies,—
Enfolding in its dark, funereal weed,
Again our glorious orb, from starry skies.
It is the earth, that doth this scandal breed;
The earth—the vile low earth!—denies
Even to us, her ruler, and her help,
Our wonted light! Fell furies seize the whelp!

XIV.

"For look," said he, "far down below yon star,
That twinkles in the gloom, and you perceive
A something like a glimmer from afar,
That forms a circle—which we do believe—
Is the reflection of that glorious car,
Whose light the earth must certainly receive;
Else why could be that radiance there, so clear?
The sun's reflection, shows the sun is near!

XV.

“And pray observe how dark yon circle’s centre,
As if ten ‘darkest nights had in a pot
Been stew’d to darkness down,’* now do we venture
To stake our royal word, that yon black spot
Is the dull earth, which shall its fault repent, or
By our high privileg’d majesty, its lot
Shall be eternal gloom,—the hidden sun
From this dark hour some other course shall run.

XVI.

“Now this is my advice, which you may take
E’en as it suits your wisdom, or may leave it—
That we do send our trusty Rhodoshake,
To take at once a ten mile line, and reave it
To the moon’s horns, so that it will not break—
On which he can with ease slide down, believe it,
To yonder rainbow, which he then must straddle,
And ride to earth without a bit or saddle.

XIII.

“Being arriv’d there, this shall be his mission,—
(The credence papers, and each needful thing,
Our secretary with all due discretion,
And quick despatch, shall to the starting bring,)
—He shall give out our mighty prohibition,
Till the earth’s centre, with the sound shall ring,
Against a repetition of this shame,
That earth, has cast upon our beaming name.

* Bulwer.

XVIII.

“And farther, that the earth do take its place,
To stand between the sun and us no more,
But move where she should move, in the wide space,
Where she has always mov’d as right before,
That if the earth still hides the sun’s bright face,
And is refractory; that we will pour
Our vengeance down, till all her tides do stray—
And all her currents run the other way!”

XIX.

Thus spoke the moon’s supreme and mighty king,
While wond’ring at the wisdom he display’d,
Stood round his courtiers—they’re a sort of thing
One meets on earth, though of a lower grade.
Toad eaters to the birds, that chance to sing,
Tickling the pow’rs that be, their willing trade.
Of whose right royal feet, their lips take measure,
And find therein, a most uncommon pleasure.

XX.

They loud applauded—that’s a thing of course—
Else how could they be fav’rites of their lord,
If he had said things better, or things worse,
The self same praise these worthies would accord.
The king—good man—seeks not their praises’ source,
Else he might find perhaps, they could afford
To sing to all his tunes, that pleasant song—
Beginning with “The king can do no wrong.”

XXI.

'Tis pleasant to ascend in a balloon,
High in the air, so cosily to dangle.
'Tis pleasant waltzing to a lively tune,
On a tight rope with hoop and a triangle—
'Tis pleasant likewise, in a lone lagoon,
With rod and line, for crocodiles to angle;
But of all pastimes into which I'd fain go,
Is a quick trip from heaven on a rainbow!

XXII.

Not so thought Rhodoshake, who had much rather
Staid where he was in his own lunar region,
(Content was there nor would he seek it farther.)
Than be transform'd into a carrier pigeon.
Besides, it did somewhat his courage bother;
To calm his fears, he call'd up his religion,
And just before preparing for his flight, he
Took also a small cogue of "aqua vitæ."

XXIII.

Whether they smuggle brandy to the moon—
Or whether they have learned the art to make it,
(Which art, perhaps, is not learnt quite as soon
As is the much more simple one, to take it.)
Whether they pour it down, or with a spoon,
When they have thirst do only drink to slake it—
Are questions, that I deem derogatory
To the true dignity of this true story.

XXIV.

Conceive—most gentle reader—if you please,
And such a case indeed you can conceive;
Alighted on a rainbow, less at ease,
Than when of his own planet he took leave—
Pressing “the sign of hope” with both his knees,
Endeavouring his courage to retrieve,
Looking around, in glances, wild and wary,
The moon’s minister extraordinary.

XXV.

Pray, reader, did you ever on the brink
Of some high rock o’erlook the ocean’s ripple?
Or did you ever bring yourself to think
On the world’s littleness, from a church steeple?
Standing on the vane, didst ever drink
Death to your foes, and other honest people?
Perhaps you have, without a single fear—
But in such places one feels somewhat queer.

XXVI.

So did the minister; his was a scat
That Herschel might have envied; he there rightly
A “set of tables” could have made complete,
And glancing with his glasses, even slightly,
He would have found more stars, beneath his feet,
Than o’er his head, before, he had seen nightly.
And if thus straddling, he had felt at ease,
He would no doubt have made discoveries.

XXVII.

And so perhaps, the hero of our story,
Was he possess'd of half his native spirit,
Would have admir'd much the modest glory
Of the pale moon, the stars, and planets near it,
The meteors, the earth's black promontory,
The ocean too—for he could see and hear it—
With other things, to some, no doubt delightful;
But which to him appear'd less fair than frightful.

XXVIII.

I said upon the rainbow he was seated;
I can't say much however for his attitude,
Wherein true grace was very little heeded.
To Mars, or Mister R——, he ow'd no gratitude,
He ne'er to riding lessons had been treated.
If there you had beheld the envoy seated rude—
“Hector a-horse” you'd surely not have thought on.
Perhaps you might have dream'd, of General M****n.

XXIX.

But to return—there came a puff of air,
That drove all musing from his heated brain,
And now it was his great, and only care,
His posture on his hobby to maintain.
He found himself upon his journey fair,
And with a speed, of which he did complain;
But talking to the wind would not avail,
He therefore held his tongue, and “let go sail.”

XXX.

Like the swift whirling of a jenny-spinner,
Or like a meteor ere its force is spent,
Or like a race horse coming in a winner,
Or like the fleeting of a fair intent,
Or good things at a *corporation dinner*,
Or like a coward flying from his tent,
Or like a lover hast'ning to his fair,
Or like the popularity of our Mayor.*

XXXI.

Or like, dear reader, any other thing
That strikes your fancy, as possessing speed.
Did the moon's minister through heaven wing,
Or slide—"wing" chimes with "thing," although indeed
"Slide" is the proper word—I could not bring
A better argument to prove the need;
"We poets" from the tame to the sublime,
Are brought to sometimes, when we want a rhyme.

XXXII.

'Twas something like ten minutes—more or less—
The time I can't precisely know, and thence
Would not on such a subject like to guess,
Or hazard an assertion—an offence
Historians oft commit—I would impress
Upon my worthy reader's common sense,
The deep contempt, which I do bear in sooth,
For tales that do not bear the stamp of truth.

XXXIII.

Suppose ten minutes then (it is no matter
 Whether 'twas ten or more) had pass'd away;
 When Rhodoshake, his flesh nigh bruise'd to batter,
 Upon the earth, in senseless torpor lay—
 His fall, indeed, was far enough to shatter
 The very lightest of us men of clay.
 But he was not of earth, and so no wonder
 That not a joint or bone was rent asunder.

XXXIV.

To any gentleman, who presumes to scout
 Th' idea of this feat of man's agility;
 Or says it wants, in order to made out
 Just claims to his respect, some probability;
 Or that he does my information doubt—
 I merely say, "I doubt his own civility."
 To any lady who may read my rhyme—
 "Dear madam, I was present at the time."

XXXV.

—"Recubans sub Jove"—(not from Homer.
 But no great matter that)—I'm fond of latin.
 You'll call me "classic," 'tis no great misnomer—
 An ancient phrase comes now and then so pat in,
 That you no doubt will welcome the new comer,
 Writers, or speakers, little matter what in,
 Should plant in their discourse, at every turning,
 A latin phrase—it shows one's wit and learning.

XXXVI.

Our hero shook himself as he awoke,
And rubb'd his eyes, and gave a sort of cry;
Then stared about—the day had not yet broke,
But a faint glimmer spread along the sky:
And he could see quite near him, a huge oak,
And as he turn'd, before him could descry
A long, queer looking building of white stone.
He gave another glance, and then a groan.

XXXVII.

And then he rais'd himself upon his arm,
And took a wider survey of the ground,
Which did not greatly his dull spirit charm:
A green behind him, and each side around,
Lay fenc'd with boards, which to preserve from harm,
Had been white wash'd, as afterward he found.
Some trees likewise were scatter'd o'er the scene,
“Like angels' visits, few, and far between.”

XXXVIII.

Two other structures rose upon the view,
Of which the one before stood in the centre;
But what their objects were, he scarcely knew.
They look'd so black, 'twas odd if they were meant for
Men's habitations—first, thought he, they grew
Out of the earth, but yet he could not venture
On his veracity, just then to swear
What kind of fruit such articles would bear.

XXXIX.

But e'er the sage had come to a conclusion,
He thought that something tapp'd him on the shoulder.
And turning round, he found to his confusion
It was no fairy's wing, of woven gold, or
Airy sprite, or such like gay illusion:
(Had it been either, he had felt much bolder.)
It was dear reader, without farther parley
It was—the dexter manus of a “Charley.”

XL.

I love the “Charleys,” I respect the race,
They are all clever fellows in the main.
Their manners, I confess, have not much grace,
Although they would not for the world give pain.
They'll break your head, then tell you “kape the pace,”
Which 'tis most likely you'll disturb again.
For when a person is thus made non compos,
'Tis very possible he makes a “rumpus.”

XLI.

The “gentle scout” went thro' two long tirades,
Seeing his man so very odd attired,
Upon the consequence of masquerades,
From which he thought our hero just retired.
And such a watchman-like oration made,
That Rhodoshake his manner much admired.
His explanation did at once ensue—
The “Charley” shook his head—it would not do.

XLII.

He was lock'd up, among the queerest set
Of single gentlemen, that had before
Beneath that Hall of Justice ever met.
Some were standing, some lay on the floor,
Some in good humour, others in a pet,
One worthy thought his quarters quite "a bore."
Indeed they seem'd most justly to conclude,
That treatment such as theirs at least was rude.

XLIII.

The morning came, and with it came a Justice
Of Peace, (a kind of tail piece of the law,
"The small end of the horn,") who almost burst his
Huge waistbands with importance, full of awe;
As if the Palladium Jove had nurst his
Red bolts in his black eye brows—there you saw
—If you but cast your eyes upon his kirtle—
Something that spoke of dignity, and—turtle.

XLIV.

There is a certain kind of dignity,
Aristocrats suppose belongs alone
To titled names—a gown, a wig, and the
Other requisites of a Judge, we own
Help much the "official phiz"—benignity,
The patronizing air, the winning tone,
Of dignitaries to our senses willing,
Without "the staff" would not be quite "so killing."

XLV.

But there is dignity, that plays the devil
With our respect, and that would make the deuce
Of even Fanny Wright, that mine of evil—
Quite modest—it seems at once t' unloose
The stiffest spine—the rude at once makes civil,
From clowns and lords, alike, it doth produce
A certain rev'rence, not unmix'd with fear—
A strange “alloverness,” that's vastly queer.

XLVI.

Instance the dignity of the “sun's brother,”
As he sits curl'd upon his ottoman,
Giving his orders such an one to smother,
Or sow up in a sack.—(To die 's the lot o' man.)
His highness has found out some way or other,
And he who is afraid of death is not a man.
Besides the “sun and moon's sublime relation,”
Fears and abhors excess of population.

XLVII.

His is the cream of dignity, as likewise is
The royal state of kings, from pole to pole.
There's in the form of Venus as she rises
From the salt waves, that round her beauties roll,
Much dignity—such at least are my surmises.
I never saw her—though upon my soul
I've seen her earthly type, who should be sainted,
She looks so charming always—when she's painted.

XLVIII.

But this digression is quite out of order ;
 There's dignity in stage kings at a fair.
 A dukedom has its state too, and a lord, or
 Count, or prince, has oft a stately air :
 There's much about his honor the R*****r,
 Nor less about our honorable M***r,
 When one example's down, another pops on ;
 To stop at once there's nought like thine, oh H****n.

XLIX.

He placed his dignity upon a cushion,
 While rang'd before him stood each luckless wight,
 Whom evil fate to midnight sprees did push on.
 (Birds of the shade, the minions of the night.)
 The Justice turn'd his mighty constitution,
 And spied our luckless friend, who such a sight
 Presented, as one seldom sees at all
 Save on the stage, or at a fancy ball.

L.

"Well," said his squireship, " what brings you here,
 More of this vile masking, I suppose—
 These masquerades will some odd day, I fear,
 Take Justice even by her sacred nose ;
 Watchman speak out, and tell us what this queer
 Odd looking fish was doing, come expose—
 For by the omnipotence of the quorum,
 I will hold up this mummy "in terrorem."

LI.

The "Guardian" spoke—then reason'd thus the squire,
"Fellow, your conduct merits reprehension,
And you shall have it to your heart's desire,
For from the hour that I first set this bench on,
(Such larks as you, are quite enough to tire
All patience out,) I've met with more detention,
In keeping order, from such wights as you,
Than from all other rascals of the crew."

LII.

And he would have continued his oration,
Had not its subject, wrathful Rhodoshake,
Thought it high time to publish his high station—
For now he saw there must be some mistake,
But which was surely not of his creation.
The last words spoken did his senses wake—
And so to put an end to these droll capers,
He handed to his worship a few papers.

LIII.

With something of surprise, the Justice took 'em—
Placing his spectacles on 's ruby nose,
Proceeded he at once to overlook 'em—
After a moment's wonderment he rose,
His features (their bright colour had forsook 'em)
Look'd blank, his nasal organ, I suppose,
Retain'd its redness, like a blazing beacon
Upon a certain hill, not best to speak on.

LIV.

“Most lofty envoy,” were the first words spoken
To the moon’s minister. “Why, you old villain,
Your ugly blockhead should for this be broken.”
The retort to the watchman. “For a shilling,
I’d trounce you for your witless croaking.”
“My lord, I re’ely hope that you are willing
T’ attribute these proceedings to mistake.”
“I am,” ejaculated Rhodoshake.

LV.

“And pray, most potent! if I may presume
To ask your patience, for a little space,
’Till I can give these rascals here their doom,
I would consider it the highest grace,
To have your presence in my breakfast room,
Where I will show how I regret this case.
Until I do, I shall not feel at ease—
After your wounded sensibilities.”

LVI.

Oh most sweet pow’r, of most sweet persuasion!
Thou potent mollifier of man’s evil!
Most blest is he, who can upon occasion
Call up thine aid, in honied phrases civil,
To help him out of some bad situation.
Or in a good one—we all know the devil
Made our first mother eat the fruit forbidden—
But ’neath thy garb his serpent form was hidden.

LVII.

Woman, dear woman, has thy golden treasure
In full perfection—powerful thine arm
When in her form 'tis moulded, then the measure
Of thy address is full—as when the warm
Tear steals adown her cheek from founts of azure,
Then is thy victory complete—thy charm
Is stronger then, than when 'tis mingled
With ev'ry word of power by learning mingled.

LVIII.

There is more power in the silent tear
That like a dew drop trembles in the eye,
More of that touching pathos we revere,
In the soft breathing of the deep drawn sigh.
There is more witch'ry, to the charmed ear,
In woman's voice in supplicating cry,
Than in the Grecian gesture, or the rules
Of all the rostrum eloquence of schools.

LIX.

Ye who have watched the form of Beauty kneeling,
Unburthening in prayer the soul's commotion,
The eye upturned, a seraph glance revealing,
The red lip trembling with divine emotion,
The pearly tear adown the pale cheek stealing,
And heard the murmurings of *that* devotion.
Have ye not felt a fullness of the heart,
That the strong words of passion ne'er impart?

LX.

Did there not fall angelic calmness there,
That wrapt the soul in heavenly embrace?
Did there not float upon the balmy air,
That bore the breathings of those words of grace?
A deep and holy spirit, that did bear
Soothingly sweet upon the heart, and trace
Upon its core, as with an angel's power,
The heaven-born, deep devotion of that hour?

LXI.

There is a voice that's silent as the gloom
That girds the waters of oblivion's lake.
Tongueless, but emphatic, as the doom
That preludes death, the spirit doth awake
Beneath its speechless power, as a tomb
Upon whose stone, at midnight there do break
The moon's pale beams, white, charnel-like, and ghastly.
This similie's my own—I like it vastly.

LXII.

An urn of mocha, smoking from the coals—
A dish of salmon, fresh from Kennebunk—
A rasher of ham, with eggs—a plate of soles—
Oysters caught yesterday at Manayunk—
Radishes, ruddy as a lady's cheek—hot rolls,
Dry toast, and trout, made fit for any monk—
With shrimp, and catsup o'er the beef steak cast,
Make what I call a tolerable breakfast.

LXIII.

So thought the guest, as this display of eatables
Before his raptur'd vision here was spread.
Covered with viands, pleasant 'tis to see tables;
Especially if one's long out of bed:
People are much too talkative at tea tables,
And dinner tables are a thing to dread;
For there the guests are all too ceremonious,
Eating and talking are not quite harmonious.

LXIV.

Therefore the Justice took this good occasion,
To draw from our young hero all his business;
All which he told without the least evasion,
And which the squire heard without uneasiness:
Excepting one part of his long narration,
Which gave his worship something of a dizziness;—
This was a clause, ordering to be collected
Funds for a church, about to be erected.

LXV.

He had for sale some stock too, of a rail-way,
To be put up whenever funds were granted,
A private thing—he said it could not fail pay;
A few odd thousands too, were all they wanted.
He then before the host, a bill of sale lay
Of fifty shares—his worship's bosom panted:
For when he saw the way the trick was done he
Knew, he must lose his guest, or lose his money.

LXVI.

His worship said he could without disparity,
To any gen'rous soul, of any nation,
Say that he knew of one, whose deeds of charity
Of ev'ry week, nay ev'ry day's, creation,
Exceeded all men; and his guest to share it, he
Would advise without a moment's hesitation,
To go with him, and seek an introduction,
As there he might ply all his pow'rs of suction.

LXVII.

"And," said he, "I will undertake to lead
Your lordship such a course of sage manceuvres,
That will not fail, but in the end to breed
A spirit; that such mighty things will do for us
Within the bosom of this Diomed,
As shall be thought, one of those bright chef d'œuvres,
Wherein the gods do lend co-operation;
I'll introduce you to the corporation."

LXVIII.

In the snug quarters of the civil squire,
Some pleasant subjects were without remission,
Discuss'd, before a brilliant sea coal fire;
Such as my hero's objects, and commission,
The merits too (which he did much admire)
Of the Common Council, and their good condition:
How they manag'd thieves, and all such sinners,
And also how they manag'd their fine dinners.

LXIX.

"Splendide formatus," a classic phrase,
 And I am very classic in expression,
 I would not for a crown, disgrace these lays
 By using aught, but what a chaste discretion,
 Would judge as terms befitting these chaste days,
 So chaste—but I must make a short digression,
 And state a simple fact, to show how chaste
 The times are, and refined the public taste.

LXX.

Oh Mister B*****w, Mister B*****w, oh!
 Thou Wilberforce, thou patron of the Blackies,
 Black roses be thy garland, and a crow
Couchant, thy sign of heraldry—thy track is
 Dark and gloomy, as thro' th' uncover'd row
 Of unsophisticated, woolly Jackies,
 With many a doubtless grin, from sooty jaws,
 I see thee greeted with immense applause!!!

LXXI.

In Massachusetts! hear it gentles all!
 Hear it, and bless that clever pumpkin land,
 Where wooden nutmegs grow, and flourish tall
 Tin pedlars; an honest travelling band
 They are of worth, their dealings small
 In rags, and tin, and notions; they demand
 This praise from me, for though I am no meddler,
 When rogues are scarce, 'tis just to praise a pedlar.

LXXII.

But one digression mingled with another,
Is not the thing to keep my story chiming;
In Massachusetts—(what a word to bother
One who, like me, is very nice in rhyming,)
Within that hall where useful laws they smother,
And pass all such as may increase of crime bring,
Arose one day an odd sort of commotion—
The yesty waves of Mr. B*****w's motion.

LXXIII.

He laid before that honorable corps—
The Massachusétts senate—his idea,
(He had but one) that on this happy shore,
Where Freedom doth her spangled banner rear,
Where Liberty's young eagles upward soar,
Where every lofer's equal to a peer,
That unto lib'ral principles obedient,
This resolution should be deemed expedient—

LXXIV.

“That as the world descended from one sire,
Common to all and from one common mother,
We therefore are one race—one man no higher
In nature's scale of greatness, than another—
Therefore resolved, That sev'rally we desire,
And thereby do, hail as our common brother
—As did the ancient burghers of Manhattoes—
All Negroes, Indians, Quadroons, and Mulattoes!

LXXV.

Second—We deem it proper, fair, and right,
 To make the honest negro retribution
 For all the long continued wrong and slight,
 That he has borne, and that such institution
 As makes distinction between black and white,
 Is subject matter fit for resolution”—
 Resolved—“That negroes may with whites get married!”
 The Chairman put the motion—It was carried !!!*

LXXVI.

Spirit of Afric's dingy children ! Oh !
 What a *chaste* feeling fills the honest heart
 Of that bright champion, patriot B*****W !
 May little negroes, innocent of art,
 In unsophisticated blackness grow
 Around him, lisping praises that impart,
 A recompense more truly sweet, to such men,
 Than 'schnaps,' and 'sour krout,' to patriot Dutchmen !

LXXVII.

Oh if to write a fiction, you should ever
 Expend your precious moments, pray observe
 And make your hero ev'ry thing that's clever ;
 Give him a purpose that can never swerve,
 Make him a god in form, and pray endeavour
 To mould him such a person as may serve
 To give your story such an odd variety,
 As may out-distance nature, and propriety.

* Fact.

LXXVIII.

Let him be cold, and warm, in the same breath—
Give him a courage such as had old Hector,
That you may place him oft in scenes of death—
But you must always shield him, recollect for
Each scathe, or wound, diminishes the wreath
Of his last glory—you are his protector;
And that your readers his great courage may know,
Make his last exit into a volcano!

LXXIX.

He should be as susceptible of love,
As hatred. The cold calmness of the stoics,
Should likewise fit his nature like a glove;
So that one moment he may play heroics,
And in the next, be dignified as Jove:
His height in feet not certainly below six,
In short, just study and you must go right,
The heroes of the famed “Cosmopolite.”

LXXX.

It is to form the hero of a story,
A matter intricate, but mine is made
Already, thank the moon! and all the glory
By right is hers, altho' a fraction's aid
Was needful as a mark explanatory,
Of his high birth and diplomatic grade.
So that, dear reader, all that's due to me is
The merit of description, he's as he is.

LXXXI.

His stature was quite tall; five feet eleven—
Complexion rather dark, mustachios,
A “favoris” on his under lip—teeth even
And white, and that peculiar fashioned nose,
To which the name of Roman has been given,
For this he often raised his “gratios.”
And for his hair, quite equal to Leander’s,
Frizz’d while among us by immortal “Saunders.”

LXXXII.

And he was bless’d with a most knowing eye,
That spoke of something more than black and white,
A scrutinizing glance, that seem’d to pry
Into the thoughts of all beneath its light.
At times a phrenzied glare you could descry,
Bright sparkling, like a glow worm in the night—
A look so wild, it made you think of Lear’s,
Or of a poet’s searching for ideas.

LXXXIII.

His hands would make a very coxcomb linger
To look upon, and envy the rich lot
Of their possessor—so fair was ev’ry finger,
They ’d blush for thy ten digits, Doctor Mott.
Besides his other graces—as a singer,
His powerful tones will never be forgot.
His voice was rich, and full of soul, and mellow,
In short—he was a most accomplish’d fellow.

LXXXIV.

And surely not a coxcomb, tho' he knew
No man in either planet had such hair;
He was not vain, altho' it might be true
That he of all his graces was aware.
He was convinced that both his eyes were blue,
And that his mouth would make a beauty stare.
Besides, he had a modest sort of notion,
His ev'ry gesture was a graceful motion.

LXXXV.

Eccentricity does belong to genius,
As doth a tail to toads, and such small geer,
Your poets (but let this fact be between us)
Are of all mortals certainly most queer.
Their contemplations (sometimes very heinous)
So lift the soul from this terrestrial sphere,
Their reckless flight, not having any hand on,
They are not always sure which end they stand on.

LXXXVI.

Some particles of that "poeta vitæ,"
Call'd *moonshine*, mingled in my hero's brain,
Made him at times a little strange and flighty,
Perhaps eccentric—changing like the vane,
That doth to ev'ry breeze turn quite politely.
But here there is a cause, and to be plain,
The simile to say the least 's a bad one;
One has a moving pow'r, my hero had none.

LXXXVII.

Many and strange the themes of conversation,
That pass'd between the host and visitor ;
The squire, like ev'ry man of observation,
Played the wise part of an inquisitor,
And to his scanty stock of information,
Added such hints as might increase it, for
He held this world to be a sort of college,
Where ev'ry man might *gratis* pick up knowledge.

LXXXVIII.

He was quite curious, among other things,
To know the customs of the lunar people—
If there they had presidents, or kings—
If they 'd a City Hall too with a steeple—
If the moon mov'd by steam, or if with wings—
If the Lunarians were strong, or feeble—
And whether they had houses and green trees,
And if the moon was *re'ely* made of *cheese*!

LXXXIX.

Most men, like monkeys, are inquisitive :
Women are all particularly prone,
To sift all matters thro' their fancy's sieve,
A trait, some say peculiarly their own.
But as I write a hist'ry, I will give
Praise where 'tis due, and therefore be it known
That "Yankees" are most favor'd with the blessing
Of gleaning mighty truths, from simple *guessing*.

XC.

The *Paulpryosity* of a true "Down Easter,"
Exceeds all men's from India to the pole;
Or lady's, anxious once again to feast her
Eyes on the expected idol of her soul—
The confessional curiosity of a priest, or
Even that prying earnestness of soul,
With which a poet, feeling fictionary,*
And short of rhymes, searches the dictionary.

XCI.

"Sir," said the Justice, "are there any lamps
To light you in the darkness thro' the sky?
For when a cloud obscures, or when the damps
Rise from the earth, the moon must surely lie
In gloom most drear. Do honest men, or scamps,
Preponderate in quantity on high?
Pray sir"—but lo, there stood an empty chair,
And he who had just filled it, was—not there.

* Not found in Webster.

END OF CANTO ONE.

CANTO II.

I.

All hail Columbia! nation of the brave!
Hail to thy freedom gloriously fought for;
Hail to that patriot band who live to save
From nullifying faction, thy long wrought for
Union of mighty strength! Oh may a grave
Deep as the well of truth, be sought for,
In which engulfed this flimsy gull o' the nation,
May in its blackness work its nullification.

II.

Long thrive thy growing cities, small and great,
Long float thy ships upon the rolling seas,
Bearing to other climes thy native freight,
Long may thy steamboats heedless of a breeze,
Walk thro' thy waters with a Naiad's state.
Oh never may thy locomotives cease
To travel o'er a rail road, with the power
Of fifty horses, thirty miles an hour!

III.

All hail to Gotham and her cleanly streets!
Where philosophic pigs delight to meditate,
Unrung, unwashed, yet "redolent of sweets,"
With feelings of republicans elate,
And fearless of inspectors, or their feats.
Where cows may chew their cuds, and cogitate
Upon the rise of mud hills, and the vast
Increase of offal, since they feasted last!

IV.

Hail to her sylvan groves and leafy bowers!
Vide the Park whose *pale* is ghostly pale,
All hail to her high palaces and towers!
Namely the Bridewell, City Hall, and Jail.
All hail that Caravansary, where showers
Bright wit in sparkles thick as muddy ale.
Where senators commit such grievous sinnings,
By cheating sense, while patronizing Jennings.

V.

This hail storm being over, comes a calm,
A merciful cessation of that "fire
And brimstone," with the which the muses cram
The brains of poets whom they would inspire,
To make their *entrè* with a grand salaam,
A method, which I certainly admire;
And which you may perceive I have a grant to,
In this chaste op'ning of my second canto.

VI.

In the first story of that house of call,
Where Jennings tickles mortals to content;
Where men with wit, and some with none at all,
Do likewise tickle in a way well meant,
Th' illustrious heroes of our senate hall,
Who late some wisdom and much *breath* have spent—
One morning sate, all conscious of his glory,
The interesting subject of this story.

VII.

A table stood before him, whereon lay
A pile of notes, cards, letters, *billet doux*,
Of all the rainbow's radiant dyes were they,
Some sentimental, some quite silly too,
Beseeching of his moonship, to allay
The wishes of the *fashionable few*.
No less than sixteen *soirées* and one dinner!
A glorious prospect for a new beginner!!

VIII.

A morning paper with the latest news,
Attracted next the minister's attention,
Wherein he read of Rothschild and the Jews,
How little boys to battle led the French on,
How Deibsitch did the Polanders abuse,
About Leopold, and his mammoth pension.
Of incidents and accidents, a summary.
The Mayor's speech, all that sort of flummery.

IX.

And lo! a flaming postscript capp'd "Mysterious!!
Was placed in the far corner of the sheet:
Whose contents made the statesman, quite delirious
With laughter at the oddness of the treat.
It ran as follows: "A most rare and serious
Affair, though clothed in mystery complete,
Is as we understand on foot this hour,
Between our country and some foreign power.

X.

"Strange rumours are afloat; and there have been
Large bets by heavy speculators taken.
Some speak of overtures, from the infant queen
Of Portugal, to our *General* are making.
Whether of love, or war, will yet be seen.
Holders of foreign bonds, 'tis said are quaking
With doubts and fears, and terrible surmises,
All waiting eagerly the coming crisis.

XI.

"An ambassador, upon this secret mission
Yesterday 'tis said arrived in town,
Some speculators say he is a Grecian,
With power to offer his new kingdom's crown,
To an American, of high condition,
Whose country's glory speaks but his renown—
We need not add this personage's name,
There is but one, "John Randolph," known to fame.

XII.

“If Mr. Randolph will accept of Greece,
Her offer’d crown there will be much—but mum,
’Tis a strange business, those may judge who please.
We have a notion, founded upon some
Facts in our possession, that would ease
(If any ease from such a source can come.)
No doubt, the minds of many could they guess it;
But we are not at liberty t’ express it.”

XIII.

The minister held both his sides, and roar’d,
’Till ev’ry wall gave echo to the peal.
He felt himself with merry food well stor’d,
And tho’ to laugh, he knew, was ungentleel,
Yet were his cachinations such, they pour’d
Tears from his eyes, that did but half reveal
The joyous titillations of a spirit,
That had just then, no misery to jeer it.

XIV.

Oh Myst’ry! parent dark of doubt and dread!
How dear thine influence in this *age of brass*,
How few unloose thy web entangled thread,
Wherein no clue resolves the twisted mass.
Without thy charm few Poems would be read,
Excepting Don Juan, and Hudibras,
For ’twould indeed seem folly to be wise,
If ev’ry fool could see with Argus eyes.

XV.

As early mists, that o'er the heavens fly,
Enfolding in their shroud the rising sun,
Do hallow by their shade, the gloomy sky
That smiles unseen above their veil of dun:
While thro' the vapour's waste, ye can descry
Those sparkling streams of golden glory flung
From out the fount celestial; and away
The gloom of night retires from the day.

XVI.

So Mystery doth hallow by its shade,
All things enveloped in its magic maze,
'Till Glory's self is glorified, and made
More holy by its power. Old Ætna's blaze,
In ancient time with mystery array'd,
Was Pluto's home, and thro' the midnight haze
Afar off shone, his angels in each spark.
Just like a *Blackie's* eye ball in the dark.

XVII.

It was a mild, clear morning; the south breeze
But lightly rippled o'er the sparkling bay—
The sun shone brightly through the budding trees
That lift their branches o'er that sylvan way,
Yclept the Batt'ry, where in classic ease,
Reclining often of a summer's day,
The lovers of the picturesque, may note
Some sleeping beauties postur'd "a la *Brute*."

XVIII.

That lie like heroes seeking a repose
 In Paphian shades, beneath their laurel leaves.
 The rippling water, its sweet music throws,
 And o'er their slumber dreams of fancy weaves;
 'Till some moschito, lights upon a nose
 More ruby than the rest—then sadly grieves
 The hero of the sod, who with a shrug,
 Strikes manfully his nose—but not the bug.

XIX.

Oh! ye who on—but I am *too* sublime,
 This mounting to the stars, in an oration,
 Will never do—and yet I know my rhyme
 Is better in its flights, than plain narration.
 Besides I cannot stop my muse, at times,
 Some subjects are so full of inspiration,
 That were all P**ld**g's maxims, in a sack
 Bound to her wings, they could not keep her back.

XX.

Attracted by the beauty of the weather,
 As also by the stranger's wish to view
 Those wonders of the world, that lie together
 Between the Battery and the Bellevue—
 (He meant to write his travels, and to gather
 Of course all subjects either strange or new.)
 My hero dress'd in a new suit by *Tryons*,
 Stepped forth to take a lounge and see the *lions*.

XXI.

He touched the stones, and—oh the truth to tell!
 Dropp'd at full length, and flat, with all his dignity!
 Yet Julius Cæsar kiss'd the dust as well;
 Meeting his doom with calmness and benignity.
 And Colonel St*ne the *thirteenth Cæsar* fell
 A martyr to his spite, and old malignity.
 But neither of these worthies, I believe
 Fell like my hero—by a lady's sleeve.

XXII.

He rose, glanc'd madly on the rabble crowd,
 And saw the lady, blushing to the eyes;
 An explanation whisper'd half aloud,
 A court'sey to the ground, a gale of sighs,
 Were quite enough—the gallant envoy bow'd;
 Twirl'd his mustachios; look'd wondrous wise,
 Then gracefully upsetting two who stood by,
 Flourish'd his stick, and bade the lady good bye.

XXIII.

“Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.”
 Remember that; all ye who dignify
 Whatever to your sense appears unreasonable,
 With that most chaste of epithets, *a lie*:
 A name just here at least, unseasonable,
 And don't to my veracious muse apply.
 Besides the right of lying does most properly
 Belong to *editors*: 'tis their monopoly.

XXIV.

I do admire the virtue, honest dealing;
The just award of Justice, to one's neighbours.
The worst of vices, certainly is stealing;
Whether accomplish'd by the cunning labors
Of men, who fail in ev'ry honest feeling;
Then fail in bus'ness; or by the sabres,
Guns, and wounds, of those gentlemanly jobbers,
Known by the Pearl-street wights, as *highway robbers*.

XXV.

Or whether it is gold, or friends, or fame,
Though gold to lose than all, perhaps is worse;
For when one's gold is gone, it is the same
As *all*, for friends upon an empty purse
Grow thin, and fame, we know is but a name
That wealth before all other things can nurse.
Fame stands aloft, and loud her trumpet blows;
Till Croesus tweaks her gently by the nose.

XXVI.

I say it is a larceny, as grand
To fleece one's fame, as 'tis to steal his gold.
To pilfer any virtue underhand
Belonging to another, and to mould
It as his own—is more than one can stand
Patiently—and submit to—and not scold:
I therefore steal no purses, nor am creditor
For any *virtue*, even to an editor.

XXVII.

Dust, smoke, carts, stanhopes, chariots, chaises;
Ten thousand human beings in a squeeze,
Ribbons and rags, Harlequin, and the graces,
Luxurious swine in gutters at their ease,
Ladies with veils, and fops with empty faces,
A score of beggars, *stealing* charities.
Mix'd, mingled, jostled, in a crowd together;
Is Broadway of a morning in fine weather.

XXVIII.

The sex—oh that my homely muse could dare
In these most homely rhymes, to eulogize
The high perfections of this city's fair!
Or, that I had the muse of Moore, to rise
Above the gloom that meets me ev'ry where:
Then would I raise a pæan to their eyes,
Those "arrowy lightnings" should inspire my sonnets,
I'd sing their pouting lips and monstrous bonnets.

XXIX.

But no! too high, too daring is the theme;
My humble rhyme its even course must run,
Nor hope of such high excellence to dream.
'Twould be like gazing on the glittering sun,
Brightness would dazzle in each darting beam,
'Till blindness left the hopeless task undone.
Prometheus, the fame of gods to merit, he
Once dared—but died alas for his temerity.

XXX.

The envoy gazed upon those saintly shapes ;
Saintly—I say—but hold, I'll not enforce it.
Certes—unless the fact my mind escapes,
I never read of saint, who wore a corset,
Nor were they very curious in tapes,
No saintly forehead bore mock curls across it :
Besides their bloom, was such as nature paints,
'The New-York damsels therefore are *not* saints.

XXXI.

'That's settled then!—My hero thought they were,
In all his weary journeyings, o'er his planet he
Beheld no youthful Cynthia to compare,
With these bewitching models of humanity :
Not in the moon was any thing so fair,
Grace made more truly graceful, from its rarity.
Modesty more modest, from disclosure.
And then such feet!—that delicate exposure!

XXXII.

The apish airs of that ill manner'd kine,
That sick'ning brood, that sense has not a grade for—
Those walking pattern boards, that live to shine,
In flashy coats all *promised* to be paid for.
Each “shrimp” the glory of some “man of nine,”
Whose journey work he is, and who he's made for,
Gave Rhodoshake, a sort of hesitation,
As to the species of their generation.

XXXIII.

Straight at the sight, as people who are sea-sick,
He felt an agitation of the bowels,
Which told him plainly that he soon would be sick.
He thought of dandies, also of hot towels.
Brandy he knew a cure—a sort of physic,
Taken by patients, who have made a vow else
Never to drink—'tis strange instead of gaining,
These brandy subjects always are complaining.

XXXIV.

I could in truth, to "Temperance Societies,"
A glowing benedict, here upraise;
But I can spare no time on such proprieties,
They've had their day too, and they wear the bays.
A tale like this should have its gay varieties,
And not be thought *too* moral in its praise:
Besides it is for *fun* I write entirely.
"Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ."

XXXV.

It was just twelve o'clock—to be particular—
When Rhodoshake made passage thro' the door,
Of a large mansion, stiff, and perpendicular,
That "stands at ease," in company with more,
That in a very dirty sort of pickle are.
Flank'd by a grog shop and a grocery store;
Where oft coal heavers for a tonic call.
In view of that chaste spot, Masonic Hall.

XXXVI.

Now what a strange nondescript sort of pile;
Shade of Inigo Jones, is that same Hall!
What in the name of honor, could beguile
An honest architect, to raise that wall!
That tasteless mass of stone! say what's its style?
Its order pray? Or has it none at all?
“ 'Tis Gothic, sir; and tho' you think it shabby,
That is the American Westminster Abbey!”

XXXVII.

My hero's housed, and with a stately air,
You may presume of course he made his graces.
To what?—Madam there were six ladies there
In tonnish hats, and artificial faces,
Each one and all, particularly fair.
But all peculiar, in their sev'ral cases.
A group of *the elect*—the sov'reign *few*,
Who rule the roast, and scorn the *common* crew.

XXXVIII.

As the pale moon supreme at noon of night,
Surrounded by her starry host, doth seem
The glorious queen of all those spirits bright,
That live but in the glory of her beam;
The borrow'd lustre of her robes of light;
So regal in that coteriè—supreme
Glowed on that morn, in her last purple purchase,
That lady patroness of *ton*—the *Dutchess*.

XXXIX.

Conspicuously elegant, she rose
The brightest spirit of that chosen band,
Those small sharp features and that Grecian nose;
Blooming in smiles of condescension bland;
And with an air a dutchess only knows
Most affably presented her small hand.
My hero seiz'd it gently, shook it oft,
But ah! "he could not feel it 'twas so *soft*."*

XL.

If with a visage drawn out like a poker,
I could for sanctity, get golden thanks—
If with the long tried system of a croaker,
I could draw prizes, where I now draw *blanks*—
If I was rich, or if I was a broker,
With two years *honest* shavings in the banks—
I'd show my gratitude to Goth and Vandal,
And dedicate an altar here to scandal.

XLI.

Miss —— as high priestess should preside,
And with a chosen band of the elect;
Each morning on some character decide,
And for an evening sacrifice select.
Then 'mid a blaze of light, at eventide,
That should in brighter glow their gems reflect,
Around that altar should this deputation,
To Scandal—sacrifice a reputation.

* For this truly original expression, vide "Dutchman's Fireside."

XLII.

For what's a sullied name? Go ask yon form
That pines in silence its young life away!
Ask of that tear, fresh in its wo, and warm
In its deep sorrow! Ask that lock of grey;
Whiten'd in early prime! Ask of the storm,
That doth in furrows o'er the cheek pourtray,
The matchless desolation of its breath!
Ask of the grave! and it shall answer, *death!*

XLIII.

Oh what a useful weathercock is Fashion!
Without it, where would be the use of being.
Life is at best, a scene for man to dash on,
Where half are shining, and where half are seeing.
The love of show, above all love 's a passion,
And universal in its spread, agreeing
Alike with common men, as with the grander,
A Broadway Dandy, or an Alexander.

XLIV.

Ambition, truly has a wish to shine;
To be conspicuous, above one's neighbours.
Some gain distinction, from those sisters nine,
Whose aid all poets call for in their labors.
(I wish they'd give some little aid to mine.)
Some strike a light, and glory with their sabres
And weave a garland bright as heaven's sheen.
Witness that *Webb* of glory wove by *Green*.

XLV.

Methinks I see thee, most illustrious hero!
Thy bosom swelling with its mighty rage;
Thy blood at 'fever heat,' thy heart at 'Zero,'
'No quarter' in thy mind's expressive page;
Calm, and cold blooded, in thy wrath as Nero,
In mortal combat earnest to engage;
'To be or not to be.' All's one to him;
In such a cause Death ceases to look grim.

XLVI.

As erst Achilles to the Trojan gate,
Like some strong war horse tramp'd the worthless ground;
Or 'Orion's Dog' upon whose course await,
'Terror and Death, and Plagues,' whose path surround.
—Snuffing the air while big with deeds of fate,
For Hector sought the city walls around—
E'en so thrice valiant 'Colonel,' didst thou snuff,
As o'er the city's halls you sought for *Duff*.

XLVII.

I see thee thus, 'most potent' in thy might,
Confronting thine arch enemy alone.
With ev'ry nerve drawn to its tension tight;
Thy whiskers, for the conflict stiffly grown,
Bristling like quills of Porcupine in fight.
Thy voice deep, gruff, and growling, in its tone.
Close in thy beaver, snug in its safe keeping,
Coils a choice *cowhide*, like a serpent sleeping.

XLVIII.

It sleeps!—yet shall awake at thy command;
 To lash the craven loins of thy heart's foe.
 And see before thee now, the coward stand,
 Like Hector waiting for the coming blow.
 'Erect, austere, sublime,' his dexter hand
 Thrust in his vest,—he draws it forth,—and lo!
 In horror you behold that clenched fist, all
 Terrific, holding forth a mighty *pistol*.

XLIX.

Flat as a rag each bristling whisker drops!
 Thy courage oozes from thy finger tips!
 Thy ⁷²³snouting blood's hot furious current stops!
 Most blank thy visage—blue thy shining lips!
 Nerveless thine arm! and fallen are thy chops!
 A tremor seizes now thy jointless hips!
 One glance behind, one swallow of thy rage,
 And oh! 'thrice valiant' thou art—O P H!!!

L.

But to return—some find a glorious name
 In conqu'ring worlds,—that is a dozen cities;
 Some in the law, meet with their highest aim;
 Some write a novel, some poetic ditties;
 Some in politic squabbles find a fame,
 And some—alas! it is a thousand pities,
 There are so *few*—in fashion's coalition,
 Reach the top round, of their supreme ambition.

LI.

Now to the Theatres—away—away,
In parties of a dozen, more or less,
Flock ‘the elect,’ the commons and the gay.
Just see that private box! Lord! what a press!
A general squeeze! Is it to see the play,
That crowds push in with such an eagerness?
Those who had read ‘the Courier’ that morning,
Saw this sweet note its leading page adorning—

LII.

“That most distinguish’d personage Envoy,
From Portugal, of whom we late made mention,
As here on some mysterious employ,
Continues to receive the first attention;
And seems indeed his visit to enjoy,
Has it is said declared it his intention,
With a *small party*—not a dozen quite,
To visit the Park Theatre to-night.”

LIII.

‘All this great world is,’ Shakspeare says, ‘a stage.’
‘The men and women players,’ and they play
Strange kind of parts too, in this brazen age.
Some choose the graver sort, and some the gay;
But while hypocrisy is all the rage,
A lengthen’d visage carries off the day.
The man whose brow is never known to smile,
Gains good applause and fills his purse the while.

LIV.

I know a player of this useful cast,
A better actor never trod the boards.
Long has his princely charities, held fast
Our good opinions, and it thus affords
Pleasure to mention here the treasure vast,
That he by *giving*, has *received* in hoards.
For 'tis with him, an honest calculation,
To pocket double, on each new donation.

LV.

For what good man, would not in way of trade,
Where *moral* motives always are so great,
Incline to give his bus'ness, where its aid
Would some new fund of charity create?
When that the gain on ev'ry sale thus made,
He knew would feed some beggar at the gate!
Indeed to be from such an impulse greeted,
Would almost make one willing to be cheated.

LVI.

Mild as a moon beam, on some tranquil bay,
Where not a ripple breaks the glassy scene,
Calm as its sleeping waters, in that ray,
And smooth as its still tide that glides between
Its verdant banks, to angry seas away;
Far from those shores of never dying green,
So mild, so calm, so smooth, the saintly phiz,
That many an *honest* man may claim as his.

LVII.

Good actors all, these honest men in sooth;
Their path is plain, and easy understood,
Their garb is comely—'tis the dress of truth;
So pure their conduct, that it leaves no food
For Scandal's tongue, or Envy's venom'd tooth;
Their evil deeds, if any such, seem good;
For this in loud applause, a nation claps 'em,
Till that high constable, the Devil, traps 'em.

LVIII.

There is a sort of cunning, in some knaves,
That is a glory to their little souls,
They over-reach their neighbours, yet are slaves
To their own cunning. Even so controls
The careful mariner, across the waves,
His willing craft, that o'er their bosom rolls;
No rag of canvass bellying from the mast,
He leaves his ship the plaything of the blast.

LIX.

Many the lesser supernumeraries,
That strut upon this gen'ral stage of life,
The ladies—bless them!—play the part of fairies,
The Ariels of this scene of bustling strife.
Some male there are, as well as female Mary's,
Whose hearts with holy charities are rife,
But of all mummers vile who bag our pence,
Save us from these *male* "Mary Magdalens!"

LX.

But to return to facts, which are historical.
—I do maintain this tale to be a true one—
Some of its truths are somewhat allegorical,
And *all* its thoughts are not exactly new ones;
Yet 'tis in substance true as any oracle,
How e'er with doubt its marvels may imbue one.
Truth is most strange at times—stranger than fiction,
And I to truth, am under sworn restriction.

LXI.

'Tis evening now! the jewels of the sky,
Sparkle like gems upon a monarch's crown.
The moon casts mildly from her throne on high,
The deep bright fulness of her glory down;
Still o'er the earth, her glitt'ring treasures lie,
Upon the sea, the mead, and mountains brown.
Seen through her beams of ever living light,
High basks the spire in her calm glory bright.

LXII.

Far thro' the vista of yon spreading trees,
Whose twining arms have roof'd an arch of green,
An op'ning looks upon the tranquil seas,
Whose deep still waters glad the silent scene;
And as their branches swaying with the breeze,
Let thro' their apertures, the moon's pale sheen,
Like golden threads through beauty's raven hair,
Gleams the calm light, athwart its shadow there.

LXIII.

The tiny waves, that ripple lightly o'er
The pebbled beach of yon wide spreading bay,
Bear on their crested tops, old ocean's ore
In many a sparkling gem, of silver ray.
Light dance the waters to the meeting shore,
As o'er their face the evening breezes play.
Calm is the glowing scene, around, above,
It is the hour of eve! the hour of love!

LXIV.

The Envoy linger'd in that silent shade;
And felt the holy influence of the hour.
Nor he alone—for at his side, array'd
In all th' angelic strength of beauty's pow'r,
There sat a blooming, young, and blushing maid;
Effusing heaven o'er that earthly bow'r,
By her blest presence, such as Houri's eyes
Shed o'er Mahomet's fabled paradise.

LXV.

Her face was turned to Heav'n in a look,
So full of hope on that expanse above
As seem'd to read in its eternal look,
The future glowing in a life of love.
The brightest dream of youth, that cannot brook
One thought of happiness, that is not wove
In fragrant garlands from the heart's rich stores,
Together with the being it adores.

LXVI.

And she was formed for love, her speaking face,
Was eloquent of feelings, such as are
The offspring of the gods. 'Twas sweet to trace
In the deep blush, that rose and mantled there,
That angel virtue, so replete with grace,
That by its aid alone, is woman fair.
Or catch the new born sigh that did respire,
Like the remember'd breathings of a lyre.

LXVII.

Her very mouth, like a ripe cherry cleft,
Half parted, showed within, its even pearls.
Free of all art, of studied care bereft,
Floated her hair in long and graceful curls,
Adown a swan-like neck, that would have left
Deep in its shade, Circassia's blooming girls.
There ev'ry blush suffus'd the crimson glow,
Like sun beams stealing o'er the drifted snow.

LXVIII.

Fashion had ranked her long among the few,
Whose golden rules no caitiff dare deny,
She was "well read," and yet no tinge of blue
Could ever the most curious descry,
Latent, or present, in her stocking's hue,
Dimming their whiteness with its azure dye.
She was content to read the last new fiction,
Without a dissertation on its diction.

LXIX.

And she had gold withal, that potent charm,
 Whose power makes 'black, white-foul, fair-wrong, right—
 Base, pure—old, young'—that can and doth disarm
 'The hoar leprosy,' of its loathsome blight:
 And 'makes and breaks religions' by its arm.
 That 'yellow slave,' that gem of earthly light,
 The true 'το κελον,' Archimedes' lever.
 With which worlds are, and shall be mov'd forever!

LXX.

Her sire, a true *republican* in spirit,
 Was proud as Lucifer, that ancient tory.
 Gold was his all, he did not fame inherit,
 As his forefathers were not great in story.
 All men are born, with equal rights and merit,
 All run with equal chance, the race of glory.
 Republicans do preach this creed,—the fact is
 Yet to be proved, that as they preach they practice.

LXXI.

Her name was Laura—'tis a pretty name
 It sounds so much like laurel,—'laurel crown'd—'
 The poet's passport to eternal fame,
 (With such a garland should my brows be bound.
 But modesty forbids me here lay claim
 To *all* my due,—and I have lately found
 That Vanity, in poets very ill is,
 I'll therefore copy modest Mr. W****s.)

LXXII.

And now, for that concluding word unspoken—
In next week's 'Mirror,' I expect a puff;
A puff direct, in which we shall be broken,
—Me, and my rhymes—to dust as fine as snuff;
So be it then, and that shall be a token
That this small spice of praise suits well enough;
But 'tis the fate of genius, so no wonder
If envious they tear my wreath asunder.—

LXXIII.

Well there sat Laura, looking at the moon,
As calm and placid, as its own sweet face.
The time was somewhere 'in the month of June,'
The hour was evening, and you know the place,
Or if you don't, your mind is in a swoon,
For where could be that spot of sylvan grace,
That shady grove of green, that free from flattery
I've eulogis'd; if not upon 'the Battery.'

LXXIV.

Her hand—her taper, delicate white hand,
Was in her lover's clasp'd; so tenderly
It seem'd the electric chain of love;—the band
Of beating hearts, thro' which might flee
In ev'ry pulse from out love's burning brand,
The living sparks of passion's ecstasy.
So seem'd his thoughts, as on her blooming cheek,
His glance told volumes that he dare not speak.

LXXV.

Her eyes met his and gaz'd upon them there
In one deep look of feeling and of soul,
As though they would each other's thoughts compare,
And read that passion, neither could controul.
As if the heart did from the eyes declare
The thoughts tumultuous, that within did roll.
Till love no longer ling'ring in its bliss,
Pour'd forth its rapture in—one melting kiss.

LXXVI.

And here chaste muse we'll stop, if you think best,
Our song is done, our theme has died away,
And here awhile upon our oars we rest,
And wait the public nod,—whose awful sway
Hath strength to curse, or make forever blest :
All authors feel its power and obey,
And we its humble servants will await
With due submission its decree of Fate.

LXXVII.

If it but smile, there shall be more anon,
Some dozen cantos, possibly, or less,
Of all the subjects these shall treat upon,
Is more than I may now presume to guess,
The next at least, will savor of 'the *ton*,'
With which my hero has just now access,
And with some little scandal from my Aunt O—
I hope to make a decent sort of canto.

LXXVIII.

Of love—since I've began it, I will sing
In melting strains, as soft, as sweet, as shrill,
As music from the throat of birds, 'or wing
Of honey bee.' To Fashion's corps I will
A song upraise—an anthem that shall ring
In notes as pleasing, as a bubbling rill.
I have good store of matter for my themes,
Some more veracious too than poet's dreams.

LXXIX.

I have prepared a volume of good prose,
That doth some facts quite curious contain;
The which when paraphrased, I may disclose,
And edify the public with the strain;
If envious critics don't my path oppose,
By taking my good hero's name in vain.
My hopes are great, but here I merely hint 'em,
I've 'taken notes' and by the gods I'll 'print 'em.'

LXXX.

By these I hope to show my fond regard,
For some great persons in authority.
Men, who the public purse and morals guard;
But whose great virtues are held secretly.
It is the good intention of the Bard
To hand such down to their posterity.
Thro' the eternal blazon of his rhymes,
They shall be heard of in far coming times.

LXXXI.

Some 'flowers' alas! 'are born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.'
But these shall not their blushes hide, I ween,
Nor sweetness waste in deserts—'tis not fair
To place a candle's light behind a screen,
Or with a veil to cover jewels rare:
I will reveal them by my living lyre,
That men may look upon them and admire.

LXXXII.

I shall not say a word about Divinity,—
Not being deeply studied in that same:—
Nor bring up doctrines of or for the Trinity,
Such subjects are beyond my feeble aim;
Nor would I truly even for a minute be
Suspected of a thought against its name.
For other wicked backs, besides the churches,
My castigating and satiric birch is.

LXXXIII.

Not now, if ever, I would rather laugh
At this most strange fantastic world than greet,
And yet there is around some worthless chaff,
That well might be clean winnow'd from the wheat.
If this were done, alas! would not the half
Be found at least, a hollow grainless cheat?
Oh—why Diogenes *one* candle rear
To search for Virtue?—Take a chandelier!

LXXXIV.

From critics, I anticipate no quarter,
But am prepared to suffer very meekly.
It was foretold me I should die a martyr;
Therefore, good gentles, do your bus'ness sleekly.
And yet my rhymes for your good will I'd barter
Either in monthly magazines, or weekly;
For those who praise my rhyme, and hero's mission,
I'll do the handsome thing, in next edition.

LXXXV.

Wherein I'll clearly make the fact apparent,
That they are men of judgment, and discretion,
And will produce their just critique, as warrant
Of their high title to their learned profession.
In short I'll be their knight, and hero errant,
And battle like a literary Hessian.
But what is more, their Journals I'll subscribe to;
So there is praise immortal, and a bribe too.

LXXXVI.

And now adieu! most 'gentle reader, and
Still gentler purchaser;' again we meet
If these good gentry take me by the hand,
And with all proper praise, my numbers greet.
If not, 'tis no great matter, in a land
Where Bards may turn to grocers, and complete
Their fortunes in a manner less divine,
Instance the 'cotton trade and sugar line.'

LXXXVII.

If Halleck turns 'to sugar,' may not I,
Whose wings of song are hardly yet in feather,
(If that the muse her gracious aid deny,
To bear me on through storms and cloudy weather.)
In some such 'line,' my rising fortunes try?
And if not laurels, gems as solid gather?
Oh yes, I will like the immortal 'Croaker,'
Turn from a Poet, to a 'Cotton Broker!'

LXXXVIII.

'Farewell my little book!' good luck betide!
'I launch thee on the waters,' fare thee well;
There is a breeze upon the ocean wide,
Will bear thee out—but where, the Fates can tell.
Some craft to friendly ports of favour glide;
Others, alas! to some 'trunk maker's' cell:
In the first *port* be found my gentle cantos,
But never let me catch you—in *port-manteaus*.

END OF CANTO TWO.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 761 7

IN PREPARATION,

IN ONE VOLUME, UNIFORM WITH THIS WORK,

CANTOS III. & IV.

OF

FASHIONABLE SATIRES.

Price in neat glazed covers, 8s.